

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

S. M. HULIN, Editor and Proprietor.

The Bloomfield Record.

An Independent Weekly Newspaper.

Devoted to Local and General News, Choice Family Reading, First-class Advertising.

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8 " "	\$5	\$5	1.50	3.00	5.00	10.00
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12 " "	\$5	\$5	0.25	0.50	0.75	1.50
13 " "	\$5	\$5	0.10	0.20	0.30	0.60
14 " "	\$5	\$5	0.05	0.10	0.15	0.30
15 " "	\$5	\$5	0.02	0.04	0.06	0.12
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WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Fremont Street, Rev. D. D. Pastor. Services Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday School after Morning Service.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal) Liberty St. Rev. Mr. Danier, Rector. Services Sunday 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday School 2 1/2 P. M.

BLOOMFIELD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, On the Park. Rev. H. W. Ballantine Pastor. Services Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday School after morning service.

METH. CHURCH, Broad Street, Rev. H. Spangler, Pastor. Services Sunday 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday School 2 1/2 P. M.

GERMAN CHURCH, Rev. J. F. Ewald, Pastor. Services at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Sunday School at 9 A. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH, Franklin St. Rev. Dr. Stubert, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and at 7 1/2 P. M.

WATERSIDE M. E. CHURCH. Services on Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and at 7 1/2 P. M.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays in Archdeacon's Room, Madison's Market.

COMMISSIONER OF TAXES. Ira Campbell, Residence, Washington street. Office over Madison's Market.

JUDGES COURT—Over Madison's Market. Wm. R. Hall, Justice.

OVERSEER OF POOR. J. M. Walker, Residence, Morris Place.

Fresh Scissors.

The gate of a fast age—Investigate.—His name is not Charlie R. but legton.

Morrissey's policy—A long pool, a strong pool, and a pool altogether.

The dry goods men, like the oystermen, have their regular opening days now.

They will "grasshopper" concerts in Chicago for the benefit of the Minnesota farmers.

Brick Pomeroy has joined the Grangers and they call him the Bald Headed Pilgrim of the Plough.

A little boy was arrested the other day for stealing a five cent piece, but got off on technical grounds.

The Wisconsin grass-hoppers are cutting down trees, building log cabins and making various other preparations to go into winter quarters.

During a hurricane in Kansas, a county treasurer became so terrified that he acknowledged a defalcation of \$1,500. After the wind had subsided, he denied it.

"Yes, Job suffered some," said an Illinois deacon, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the busy season when hired girls want three dollars a week."

"Well, mine soone," said a wealthy Illinois deacon, who had asked him for a nickel, "I don't mind the value of the life she has; but shust dink wot de interest on sum would be in von hundred years."

It seems as if the wonders of California would never cease. This year the pumpkins there grow to such an enormous size that the farmers have to build iron railings around them, to keep them from crowding each other.

A daily paper has the following among its marine notices: The schooner Albatross was wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland on the 11th inst., the Captain swimming ashore, and the female cook also, being insured for \$15,000, and heavily laden with iron."

At the Barnet County Court, in England, on Sept. 17th, a tailor's bill was disputed on the ground that the trousers and waistcoat did not fit. To the great amusement of the spectators the Judge ordered the man to put the garments on, and then decided they were a good fit, and ordered for the plifit.

A Norristown policeman recently observed a citizen at midnight, with his necktie sprouting from under his left ear and his hat mashed far down on the back part of his head, trying to unlock the front door of a church with a portion of a salt-pepper. What was done there was, he calmly replied that he was only "searching for (his) little Charlie (hic) Ross."

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Marrowfat—the Brooklyn Argus tells the story—dropping the paper from her nervous grasp, and leaning back in her chair with an expression of blank astonishment on her countenance. "Gracious Heavens, Mittdates! what's a 'paroxysmal kiss'?" Mr. Marrowfat, assuming a very serious aspect, observed: "A 'paroxysmal kiss,' my love, is a kiss buttered with soul-lightning."

Yesterday says a democrat in New York paper, several Indians in gaudy dress, and grotesque costume marched from the depot to Stanwix Hall. They will give exhibitions somewhere during the fair. Holly was acting clerk at the Stanwix yesterday, and when he saw those dusky savages approaching, he called out to the bell-boy: "Run and shut up the piano, and carry up two dozen spittoons into the public parlor. Here come a lot more Republican delegates to hold some kind of a convention."

Gentleman and Lady.

There are, says Richard Grant White in the *Galaxy*, two words, for example, *gentleman* and *lady*, which are used as frequently as any other, and which in this country are to all intents and purposes, without any generally accepted meaning. Among certain people they have one meaning, among certain other people quite another; and so divergent are these meanings that unless you know the person with whom you speak so well that you can pit yourself in his place and assume his habits of thought, you cannot understand exactly what he means by the words a perfect gentleman and a perfect lady. The only meaning common to all who use them is their distinction of sex; they distinguish man from woman: two creatures that seem about disappearing entirely from the western world, except among people of the highest culture and simplest manners. Do we not see often the advertisement which announces that a sales lady offers her services to any one who may be in need of them? Does not the gentlemanly conductor ask us to move up in the street car and "be in this lady," as Bridget McQueen, smelling slightly of pipe and potence, struggles at the car door with her basket of clothes? Far be it from me to insinuate that Bridget is not a perfect lady; for I should thereby run the risk of having my head broken by Patrick, her husband, whom the conductor would also call a gentleman; but chiefly because it is not my business here to draw social distinctions but only verbal ones. There are some people whose ideas of a perfect gentleman is a man who pays his bills without question the first time they are presented; tried by which test, I fear there are some of us who would fail sadly in the article of our gentility. A waiter's idea of a perfect gentleman is one who orders a good dinner, and paying for it, gives him all the change under a dollar; and I know a woman of very excellent sense and breeding whose notion of a perfect gentleman is a man that never speaks to her without taking off his hat, and does not sit in her presence until he is asked to do so. Perhaps the waiter's criterion is quite as reasonable as hers. Twenty years ago the South honestly believed that there were very few gentlemen in the North; and perhaps the most unexceptionable definition of a gentleman might have been given, if the giver could have put his idea into words, by an old southern negro house servant who for all his life had served masters hardly better mannered than himself.

In June, 1837, Dr. James M. Mason died and their mystic number seven was broken into, and on the following October, when their banquet took place, there was one vacant seat at the board, one plate lay on the table untouched. In November, 1839, William Stanberry died, and on the following year, when they came together again, only five sat at the table, and there were two vacant places. In September, 1842, J. B. Mason, the artist, breathed his last, and the following month, when the Society of the Last Man came together, there were but four of them—three vacant chairs and three upturned plates told the story. For seven successive years did these four hold their anniversary banquet without further change, the sealed casket being handed around from year to year among those who remained. In November, 1849, William Disney died, leaving but three of the seven alive. In June, 1850, Fenton Lawson's career was ended, and Dr. Vattier and H. L. Tatem were the only survivors. Mr. Tatem had possession of the casket at this time, and had morbid fear that he would be the last man and it be left in his possession. Two months after Lawson's death he was taken sick, and in his delirium, this idea obtained possession of his mind, and he cried, "break open the casket and pour out the wine! It's worse than fate in haunting me!" And Dr. Vattier became the last man.

In October, 1855, the Last Man held his first solitary banquet at his home. Seven plates were laid, and seven chairs placed around the board. The casket was placed on the table, its seal broken, and its lid propped off. The bottle of wine which for twenty-three years had reposed within was opened and drank in silence and solitude by the survivor of all those seven. No one was permitted to break that solitude, and the one meal was eaten and drunk without the sound of a voice. And each succeeding year, on the 6th of October, does the Last Man repeat the solitary repast, he sitting with six upturned plates on the board. And while he sits there in silence and alone, there come trooping around him the memories of all those who once joined with him in the merrymaking, and yet the heart of the kindly old man is as young and his feelings as tender as they were forty years ago when he little thought of ever becoming The Last Man.

PULLED OVERBOARD.—The Boston *Herald* says: "As the steamship Canada, of the National line, was entering our harbor the other evening an accident occurred which came very near having a fatal result, and which is remembered by the passengers as the event of the voyage. The ship was off Boston light at the time and was making good headway, running up to avoid the sound of a voice. And each succeeding year, on the 6th of October, does the Last Man repeat the solitary repast, he sitting with six upturned plates on the board. And while he sits there in silence and alone, there come trooping around him the memories of all those who once joined with him in the merrymaking, and yet the heart of the kindly old man is as young and his feelings as tender as they were forty years ago when he little thought of ever becoming The Last Man.

REMARKABLE FALL OF A RESERVOIR.—A reservoir to supply Conshohocken, Pa., was built last fall at a cost of \$72,000, and is an excellent piece of workmanship. Its supply was pumped from the Schuylkill river, and throughout the past year the Conshohocken had been plentifully supplied with water, to the gratification of the citizens. Recently the reservoir was discovered to be empty, and the keeper, in making his morning inspection, discovered that a portion of the embankment had dropped straight downward for 25 feet, and resolved itself into an enormous hole, the sides of which are precipitous rock.

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